CHORUS.

Some Maidens.

Will they ever come to me, ever again,
The long long dances,
On through the dark till the dim stars wane ?
Shall I feel the dew on my throat, and the stream
Of wind in my hair ? Shall our white feet gleam
In the dim expanses ?
Oh, feet of a fawn to the greenwood fled,
Alone in the grass and the loveliness ;
Leap of the hunted, no more in dread,
Beyond the snares and the deadly press:
Yet a voice still in the distance sounds,
A voice and a fear and a haste of hounds :
O wildly labouring, fiercely fleet,
Onward yet by river and glen . . .
Is it joy or terror, ye storm-swift feet? . . ,
To the dear lone lands untroubled of men,
Where no voice sounds, and amid the shadowy green
The little things of the woodland live unseen.

What else is Wisdom ? What of man's endeavour
Or God's high grace, so lovely and so great ?
To stand from fear set free, to breathe and wait;
To hold a hand uplifted over Hate;
And shall not Loveliness be loved for ever f

Others.

O Strength of God, slow art thou and still,
Yet failest never I
On them that worship the Ruthless Will,
On them that dream, doth His judgment wait.
Dreams of the proud man, making great
And greater ever,